

Good Morning

185

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Here are those photos you've been asking for A.B. WALTER WILLACY

IT was the way she said it—that quiet, firm, final manner which always signifies the truth. Your wife it was, A.B. Walter Willacy, and how were we to know that your wife's attempts to get herself photographed had become a family joke? We thought you'd prefer a picture of your wife doing her war work instead of one showing her sitting at home in Castle Street, Halton View, Widnes.

At least, Buddy, the photographer, said it would be more natural (in between a lot of adjectives), and I never argue with him when he's in one of those moods. So we went to the works.

"Twice I've had my photograph taken in order to send one to my husband," your wife told us, "but each time something went wrong and the picture never came out."

So Walter has not had a photo since the wedding, a year ago.

"In every letter Walter writes he asks for one," your wife explained. "But there seems to be a curse on me with photos. The first time it didn't come out very well, and the second time it didn't come out at all."

"And Walter hasn't got a picture of me yet."

"Oo-er," was all Buddy the photographer said.

Now, he's not a nervous or imaginative or superstitious sort of guy. But this seemed to get him all wrong.

He began to turn slightly pale between his collar and his chin, and his hands seemed just a trifle unsteady as he hastily put another slide in. "Sounds spooky," he said. "Nonsense!" I said. "With all your experience you can't go wrong."

"Pr'aps . . . pr'aps she just isn't easy to take—some folk aren't," stammered Buddy. "Nonsense!" I said. "I've got my job to consider," he said.

"You just can't miss this picture," I said.

"And there's my pride," he said.

"Nonsense!" I said.

It was then that your wife, bravely trying to put him at ease, began to talk about how since you heard about the two former photographic tragedies you keep asking in your letters if "she's afraid of breaking the camera."

But we've proved that Mrs. Willacy doesn't break cameras, and that the third time's really lucky.

And since the plates were developed, to the eyes of Buddy the photographer has come the old twinkle, and to his demeanour has returned the air of quiet assurance.

So here's two photos to prove it; and your wife, standing there in the uniform of an electric welder, sent you this news from the home front:—

Her birthday falling during her holiday enabled her to go to Belle Vue, Manchester's playground, with her friends to celebrate.

Your brother-in-law, 18-year-old Terence McCann, of Major Cross Street, Widnes, has joined the Merchant Navy and is getting on fine.



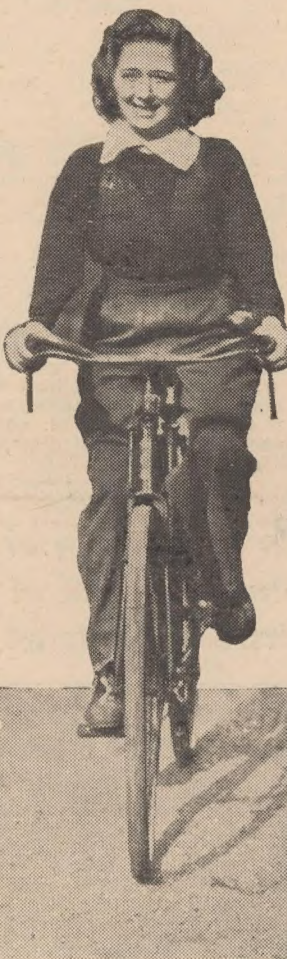
W. H. MILLIER tells how

WILDE MEETS DEFEAT— Because Gallery Yelled

HOW did Jack Johnson compare with Peter Jackson? That was the sort of problem I used to get with monotonous regularity when I was answering questions on boxing. It is a question that cannot satisfactorily be given the short answer. It is impossible to compare a boxer of one decade with one belonging to another.

A boxer's skill can be assessed only by his record, and even this is by no means conclusive. A generation or so ago it would have been just as futile to ask whether one celebrated soprano could sing better than the leading operatic lady of, say, fifty years before her time. Now, however, comparison may not be difficult with the preservation of electrically recorded gramophone discs.

A boxer's handiwork remains only in the memory, and man's memory is apt to be coloured by the emotions of time, place, atmosphere, and a host of other considerations. Of recent years it has been possible to preserve a pictorial record in the fight film, but to be of value as a means of comparison, all important contests would have to be filmed, and many of them—the majority, in fact, have not been filmed.



Records by themselves do not convey an accurate impression of the boxer concerned. In the few instances, where a champion has an unbeaten record, we are forced to the conclusion that he must have been exceptionally good, but even this can be misleading. It might well be that he was one of those lucky ones who happened to be champion at a time when all the opposition was second-rate.

There is certainly no yardstick by which we can measure boxing ability, and to attempt to compare the relative merits of champions of widely different periods is just so much waste of time.

GREATEST OF ALL.

This does not mean that comparison of men within one's own lifetime is out of the question. If a critic or historian is quite honest, and has no axes to grind, he can form a pretty shrewd judgment of the men he has seen.

Nearly all the great champions have been able to concede weight to their rivals and beat them. That is one of the points that serves to emphasise superiority. I have already mentioned Jimmy Wilde in this connection, and if the proportionate weight discrepancy in all his fights could be worked out, I am sure it would be found that no boxer known in history ever consistently conceded so much weight. On this process of reckoning, Wilde might well be regarded as the greatest champion of all.

It can be repeated that he never once fought an opponent of his own weight, and he would have retired with an unbeaten record if he had not been foolish enough to make the three ill-advised matches which led to defeats.

I promised to give more details of his disastrous fight with Pete Herman. Let me state at the outset that this ill-advised match was not Wilde's fault.

Pete Herman had been world's bantam-weight champion for four years, and had proved to be a real champion. He lost his title on a close decision to Joe Lynch, another American, who had gained a questionable decision over Wilde in a 3-round bout at the inter-Allied tournament promoted by the Services at the end of the last war.

After losing his title, Herman came to England at the end of 1920 for the contest with Wilde, which took place at the Royal Albert Hall on January 13, 1921.

TWO CONTRACTS.

The people concerned with the making of the match were not regular boxing promoters, but neither Herman nor his manager knew that. Apparently at this time Herman was having difficulty in getting down to 8st. 6lb., and his manager suggested making the match at 9st. The promoters agreed, and Herman's contract was made out with this weight stipulation.

Wilde's contract called for a meeting at 8st. 6lb. Even at this weight he would be conceding quite enough, but he was used to weight concessions to all his opponents. Both he and his manager, Teddy Lewis, had always dealt honourably, and in this instance they never suspected that two different contracts had been drawn up.

It was not until the day of the contest that the duplicity of the promoters was made known. Wilde and his manager refused to have anything more to do with the affair unless Herman reduced himself to the required weight.

The principals went to the hall at the required time, and I can recall now something of the scene that ensued. Whilst the preliminary bouts were being boxed there were heated arguments in the dressing-rooms of the principal boxers, and a growing crescendo of dissatisfaction in the hall. Not that the spectators knew that anything in the nature of a refusal to fight was taking place. They were in blissful ignorance of it all.

THE OTHER FIGHT.

"Blissful" is not quite the word to use. That portion of the public, which, by state of purse considerations, rather than choice, occupies the gallery, is usually the section that not only wants its money's worth, but demands it in loud and insistent voice. It was not getting its money's worth on this occasion, because most of the ring was invisible from the gallery.

Hitherto, on the occasion of big fights the ring lighting was provided by the famous Daily Mirror lights. Thus the Daily Mirror had the exclusive rights to all photographs taken of the fights.

For many years a rival newspaper had tried to compete for these rights without success, until the two so-called promoters came along. They were pleased to fix a deal with the rival newspaper, which engaged a firm of electricians to install lights for the taking of photographs.

Perhaps the lights were made hurriedly or were adapted from those meant for other uses. At all events, the staff had not had the experience of the Daily Mirror electricians, who had installed lights for all the important fights all over the country; and thus, whilst these hired lamps served the purpose of flooding the ring they, or rather the huge opaqueshades, completely blotted out the ring from the view of all those perched above.

Soon after the first pair of contestants entered the ring there were shouts of protest from the gallery, and these grew in volume as the evening wore on.

Even the entry of the Prince of Wales failed to quell the disturbance, and all appeals by the now harassed M.C. were in vain. If it had not been for the terrible uproar over these obstructing light shades Wilde would never have fought Herman that night, and that would have been a good thing for Wilde.

If Wilde had not fought, there would have been a riot, and that would have been the worst night's work imaginable for boxing. To say the least about it, the Royal Albert Hall would have been closed to boxing for many a long day to come.

APPEAL BY PRINCE.

Twice that night the Prince of Wales had to intervene. Much as he disliked making public speeches, he went into the ring and from beneath the offending lights he appealed to the crowd to behave as sports-

men, and, to give that noisy section of the crowd its due, it did afterwards behave as a bunch of sportsmen.

After he had made quite a good impromptu speech, the management had another request to make to his Royal Highness. Would he use his influence in persuading Jimmy Wilde to go into the ring?

To these two little Welshmen, each great in his way—Lewis the manager and Wilde the boxer—this came as a command that simply had to be obeyed. Wilde said at the time that there was no other man in the world who could have persuaded him to go on with the contest.

Wilde most assuredly offered himself up that night as a sacrifice, and in very truth, it was a case of leading the lamb to the slaughter. That long ordeal of argument, lasting many hours, demanded its toll.

TO THE SLAUGHTER.

What it must have meant in loss of spirit and nervous energy nobody knows, and, if the truth were known, I firmly believe Wilde must have taken the ring with something akin to the feeling of a sacrificial lamb.

Of course, we knew that Wilde had just about reached the end of his career, but even then we never expected to see him so badly beaten. There was possibly two stone difference in the weights, and at his best Jimmy might have been able to concede all this and still have beaten his rival; but, in the circumstances I have outlined, he had no chance of giving his best.

In fairness to the American, it must be said that he had no knowledge of any duplicity. He too, in fact, was duped. He was given his cheque next day and it proved to be that sort known as a stumer. I may say that I published the two sets of articles and also photographed the stumer cheque, which illustrated the exposure.

The promoters left the scene early and took the first boat to another continent.

Herman was able to recompense himself for his trip over by being given a contest by the National Sporting Club, and he showed the same outstanding ability in this, by knocking out our bantam-weight champion, Jim Higgins, in 11 rounds.

ORTHODOX HERMAN.

In both his contests in this country Herman revealed himself as a perfect exponent of the English style of boxing. He was certainly more orthodox than Wilde. Other than Jim Driscoll, I do not recall a more stylish boxer.

His style was so markedly English that I asked him how he had acquired it. He told me that he was taught by an old English professor of boxing who had opened a gymnasium in New Orleans. Herman, despite the Teutonic-sounding name, was of Italian parentage and was born in New Orleans. After his contests in England he returned to America and regained his world title by defeating Joe Lynch.

Before he left here he confided to me the fact that he was blind in one eye. With this grave handicap he was able, by his superb boxing skill, to beat two of our champions. I must mention that he took no credit for himself at beating Wilde. He said: "No little man can ever give away so much weight to a man who is as good as himself."

Yet, I am inclined to believe that had the meeting taken place a few years earlier, when Wilde was at the top of his form, we might well have had a different result. He is a wise champion who knows when to retire.

He told Poppa off

AN EGYPTIAN BOY'S
LETTER OF THE SECOND
CENTURY.

THEON to his father, Theon, greeting! It was a fine thing of you not to take me to the city!

If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter, or speak to you, or say good-bye to you; and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand nor ever greet you again. That is what will happen if you won't take me.

Mother said to Archelaus: "It quite upsets him to be left behind." It was good of you to send me presents . . . on the day you sailed.

Send me a lyre, I implore you. If you don't, I won't eat, I won't drink; there now!

Concluding

The Chief Mourner of Marne

By G. K. Chesterton

QUIZ for today

1. A whimble-tree is a tropical vine, part of a carriage, a roof beam, a gallows?
2. Who wrote, (a) The Mighty Atom, (b) Mightier than the Sword?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Cod, Pollack, Whiting, Roach, Haddock, Plaice, Sole.
4. What do J. M. Barrie's initials stand for?
5. Who said, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"?
6. Which card in the pack is known as the Curse of Scotland?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Tumbil, Pelucid, Hebdomadal, Decieve, Ambuscade.
8. What is the largest stretch of inland water in the world?
9. Who was Dick Dewy?
10. Correct, "Here's twice ten thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why." Who wrote it?
11. Garibaldi marched on Naples in 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870?
12. Complete the pairs: (a) Poet and —, (b) Ducks and —, (c) Rags and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 184

1. Musical term.
2. (a) Galsworthy, (b) Kipling.
3. Claymore is a sword; the others are firearms.
4. Gilbert Keith.
5. Milton, in "Paradise Lost."
6. Ben Nevis, 4406 feet.
7. Pelisse, Ambassador.
8. Gota Canal, Sweden, 115 miles long.
9. Heroine of a novel by R. L. Stevenson.
10. "Slithy toves," Lewis Carroll, in "Through the Looking Glass."
11. 1857.
12. (a) Honour and obey, (b) Jones and Robinson.

JANE



"IT ISN'T JIM!"

BY the abruptness and agony with which the scream broke from the woman's lips, it might have been a mere inarticulate cry. But it was an articulated word; and they all heard it with horrible distinctness.

"Maurice!" "What is it?" cried Lady Outram, and began to run up the steps; for the other woman was swaying as if she might fall down the whole stone flight. Then she faced about and began to descend, all bowed and shrunken and shuddering. "Oh, my God," she was saying, "oh, my God! . . . It isn't Jim at all . . . it's Maurice!"

"I think, Lady Outram," said the priest gravely, "you had better go with your friend." As they turned, a voice fell on them like a stone from the top of the stone stair, a voice that might have come out of the open grave.

It was hoarse and unnatural, like the voices of men who are left alone with wild birds on desert islands. It was the voice of the Marquis of Marne, and it said "Stop!"

"Father Brown," he said, "before your friends disperse I authorise you to tell them all I have told you. Whatever follows, I will hide from it no longer."

"You are right," said the priest, "and it shall be counted to you."

"Yes," said Father Brown, to the questioning company afterwards, "he has given me the right to speak; but I will not tell it as he told me, but as I found it out for myself. Well, I knew from the start that the blighting monkish influence was all nonsense out of novels. Our people might possibly in certain cases encourage a man to go in a regular way into a monastery, but certainly not to hang about in a mediæval castle. In the same way, they certainly wouldn't want him to

dress up like a monk when he wasn't a monk. But it struck me that he himself might want to wear a monk's hood, or even mask. I had heard of him as a mourner, and then as a murderer; but already I had hazy suspicions that his reasons for hiding might not only be concerned with what he was, but with who he was.

"Then came the General's vivid description of the duel; and the most vivid thing in it to me was the figure of Mr. Romaine in the background. Why did the General leave behind him on the sands a dead man, whose friend stood yards away from him like a stock or stone?"

"Then I heard something—a mere trifle, about a trick habit that Romaine has of standing quite still when he is waiting for something to happen; as he waited for the thunder to follow the lightning. Well, that automatic trick in this case betrayed everything. Hugo Romaine, on that old occasion, also was waiting for something."

"But it was all over," said the General. "What could he have been waiting for?"

"He was waiting for the duel," said Father Brown.

"But, I tell you, I saw the duel!" cried the General.

"And I tell you, you didn't see the duel," said the priest.

"Are you mad?" demanded the other. "Or why should you think I am blind?"

"Because you were blinded—that you might not see," said the priest. "Because you are a good man, and God had mercy on your innocence and He turned your face away from that unnatural strife."

"Tell us what happened!" gasped the lady impatiently.

"I will tell it as I found it," proceeded the priest.

"The next thing I found was that Romaine, the actor, had been training Maurice Mair in all the tricks of the trade of acting. I once had a friend who went in for acting. He gave me a very amusing account of how his first week's training consisted entirely of falling down, of learning how to fall flat without a stagger, as if he were stone dead."

"God have mercy on us!" cried the General, and gripped the arms of his chair as if to rise.

"Amen," said Father Brown. "You told me how quickly it seemed to come; in fact, Maurice fell before the bullet flew, and lay perfectly still, waiting. And his wicked friend and teacher also stood in the background, waiting."

"James Mair, already broken with remorse, rushed across to the fallen man and bent over to lift him up. He had thrown away his pistol like an unclean thing; but Maurice's pistol was awaiting him, and it was undischarged."

"Then, as the elder man bent over the younger, the younger lifted himself on his left arm and shot the elder through the body. He knew he was not so good a shot; but there was no question of

missing the heart at that distance."

The rest of the company had risen and were staring down at the narrator with pale faces. "Are you sure of this?" asked Sir John Cockspur at last, in a thick voice.

"I am sure of it," said Father Brown, "and now I leave Maurice Mair, the present Marquis of Marne, to your Christian charity. You have told me something to-day about Christian charity. You seemed to me to give it too large a place; but how fortunate it is for poor sinners like this man that you err so much on the side of mercy."

"Hang it all," exploded the General, "if you think I'm going to be reconciled to a filthy viper like that, I tell you, I wouldn't say a word to save him from hell."

"He ought to be lynched!" cried Cockspur.

"I wouldn't touch him with a barge-pole," said Mallow.

"There is a limit to human charity," said Lady Outram, trembling all over.

"There is," said Father Brown dryly, "and that is the real difference between human charity and Christian charity. It seems to me you only pardon sins which you believe are no sins. You only forgive criminals when they commit what you don't regard as crimes, but rather as conventions. So you tolerate a conventional duel, just as you tolerate a conventional divorce. You forgive when there is nothing to be forgiven."

"You say," added Father Brown, "that you would not touch such a man with a barge-pole. Well, we have to touch him with a benediction, for we must deliver him from despair, when your human charity deserts him."

END

By permission of the Executrix of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton

ODD CORNER

According to King's Regulations, no gun salutes may be fired by ships in the Thames above Gravesend. This rule was made by Queen Elizabeth, who, when staying at Greenwich Palace, was once nearly scared out of her wits by the guns of a polite man-of-war in the river.

Cupid is said to have given a rose to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, as a bribe not to betray Venus. The rose thus became the emblem of secrecy. At the election of London's Lord Mayor, the City Sword is laid in a bed of roses to show that the proceedings are secret.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Don't they look toxy? One shouldn't call them "they," surely, if one referred to a crowd. It would be—a Cetei, Kindie, Skulk, Sounder, or a Lepe? Which? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 184: A Muster.

WANGLING WORDS

140

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after TILES, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of THREE CORDS, to make a County Town.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CASK into WINE, PUSS into PURR, SHOT into SILK, DOVE into NEST.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CENTRIFUGAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 139

- 1.—REQUIRE.
- 2.—CARSHALTON.
- 3.—RIPE, RAPE, RAPS, TAPS, TIPS, TIES, PIES, PITS, PETS, PEAS, PEAR, SEED, SEES, SETS, BETS, BATS, BATE, BAKE, CAKE, CHESS, CRESS, CRASS, CRAMS, TRAMS, TEAMS, TEARS, BEARS, BOARS, BOARD.
- 4.—Pare, Pane, Pain, Nape, Reap, Rape, Rate, Tear, Tare, Rote, Tore, Tier, Rite, Tone, Note, Pear, Rear, Rare, Roar, Trap, Part, Neap, Neat, etc. Train, Orate, Trine, Paint, Prate, Taper, Tapir, Print, Rater, Paten, Nitre, Rotor, etc.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE

THERE were four tins of ship's biscuits. No. 1 held twice as many as No. 2, which held twice as many as No. 3, which held twice as many as No. 4. After tossing 18 biscuits from tin No. 1 to tin No. 4, the first two tins together had as many biscuits as the total of the other two. Can you figure out the way the biscuits were allocated? (Answer on Page 3)

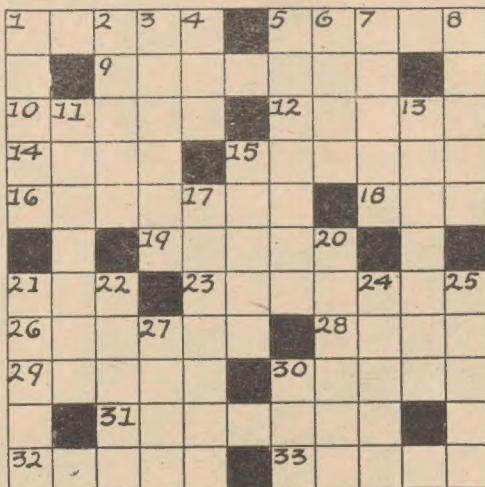
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

My first is in BANGOR, not in RHYL, My second's in PORTLAND, not in BILL, My third is in FLORIDA, not in MAINE, My fourth is in SALISBURY, not in PLAIN, My fifth is in PORTUGAL, not in SPAIN, My sixth is in SWANSEA, not in BARMOUTH, My seventh's in BRISTOL, not in YARMOUTH, My eighth is in WREXHAM, not in CHESTER, My ninth is in LINCOLN, but not LEICESTER. (Answer on Page 3)

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion. Edmund Burke (1729-1797).

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 By surprise.
 - 5 Coil of yarn.
 - 9 Piece of fried batter.
 - 10 Concerning.
 - 12 Female of ruff.
 - 14 Golf club.
 - 15 Rank.
 - 16 Shoe thong.
 - 18 Rattle.
 - 19 Hoax.
 - 21 Offer.
 - 23 Number.
 - 26 Harvest worker.
 - 28 Duty list.
 - 29 Sort of iris.
 - 30 Number.
 - 31 Interweave.
 - 32 Dark.
 - 33 Drink from pears.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Benefit.
 - 2 In progress.
 - 3 Crisp sound.
 - 4 Outfit.
 - 5 Layer.
 - 6 Intense.
 - 7 Build.
 - 8 In want.
 - 11 Portable heater.
 - 13 Infringe.
 - 15 Be repeated.
 - 17 Uprightness.
 - 20 Unperturbed.
 - 21 Clutch.
 - 22 Ventures.
 - 24 Pirate.
 - 25 Ungracefully tall.
 - 27 Colour.
 - 30 Small mouthful.

A GOBBLED M
TRIPE ALIBI
LOVER MINUS
AGENTS CEDE
SUN HUMID R
E BESET C
D MEDAL NOB
EPIC NATIVE
BANAL NOTED
AROMA CORSE
R REPLETE W

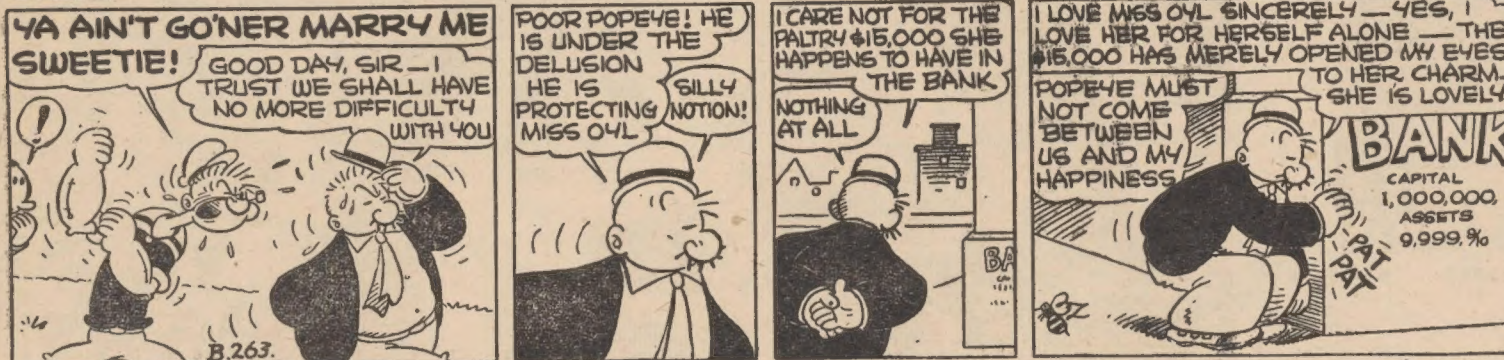
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



NEWS FROM NOWHERE

By ODO DREW

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

ON the desk of a distinguished naval officer stands a framed card bearing the words, "Speak plainly, write plainly." Thereby hangs a tale.

It appears that some months ago the British Consul at Cartagena, which lies on the Gulf of Darien, in Colombia, was surprised to receive a visit from the commander of a small Allied warship which had just arrived. He had called, he said, for instructions.

The Consul knew nothing about it, but investigations showed that the ship was supposed to go to Colombo, in Ceylon.

Verbal instructions in a muffled voice were followed by written ones in indistinct handwriting. Hence the unnecessary journey.

I was reminded of the draft which a year or two ago proceeded to Jarrow instead of Barrow.

FUEL ECONOMY.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused by a charge brought by the Ministry of Economy against Miss Aspa Distra, the well-known singer, for conduct likely to prejudice the national war effort.

At the hearing in a North Country town, it was stated for the prosecution that this was a case of the most flagrant disregard of the official injunction against waste of fuel. The defendant, it was alleged, was a popular entertainer who was greatly in demand at concerts.

She made a practice of singing a song entitled "Keep the home fires burning."

That might not seem a serious matter, said counsel, but the gravity of the offence lay in the fact that the next line added "Till the boys come home."

In effect, this woman was asking people to keep fires burning for an indefinite period.

As far as counsel knew, the Government plans for demobilisation were not complete; in fact, nobody knew when the war would end. It was a criminal act to suggest that fires should be kept going until some date in the future which might, actually, be many years ahead.

As there would be ample notice of the time when troops would be sent home, one might well ask why it could not have been advised that householders should keep a sufficient reserve of fuel so that, at the appropriate time, fires might be kindled to welcome the troops back.

The Court were aware of the great power of music to influence the conduct of people, and it was this insidious method of approach that rendered the crime especially abominable.

At this stage in the proceedings the Chairman of the Bench, who was wearing his coat with the collar turned up, announced that he would adjourn the case until the weather was milder, as he was not prepared to risk the lives of himself and his colleagues by sitting any longer in a freezing court.

SUBMARINERS' CANDIDATE.

AT the request of a large number of "Good Morning" readers, Odo Drew has consented to stand as a submariners' candidate in the forthcoming Parliamentary election in the (censored) division of (censored).

The first meeting, which was addressed by Al Male, Ronald Richards and Stuart Martin, aroused great enthusiasm, which became almost uncontrollable when the candidate announced the main features of his programme.

They included: Bigger and better submarines, better pay for submariners, an eight-hour day, six months' leave each year, and the establishment of wet—very wet—canteens in all submarines.

A telegram was read from the staff of M. & B. 693 which said: "We hope you will be leaving us soon for the House of Commons, where, with your peculiar talents, you will be much more use than you are here." A collection in aid of election expenses realised 4/2½. Then it was found that a half-crown was a silvered penny.

BASIC ENGLISH.

A PROTEST has been sent to the Prime Minister from the Oshkosh University against the proposal to popularise Basic English. It is pointed out that unless Basic American is included, public opinion in the United States will be deeply incensed.

Solution to Numerical Puzzle on Page 2.

Before: 32, 16, 8, 4.
After: 14, 16, 8, 22.

Solution to Allied Ports. ARDROSSAN.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

AND SO TO BED

"May be chilly to-night, might just as well be prepared."



Here's the answer to our everlasting query, "Do you want jam on it?"



In case you boys don't know, this is Ginger the terror, of Craven St., Charing Cross, just letting an "intruder" know who's boss.



The kind of eyes that say "What are you waiting for?" and "Like Hell you will" at the same time. They belong to Columbia star, Susan Hayward.

This England

What more peaceful scene could you wish for than this one of Shipham - on - the - Mendips, Somerset?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Oh, to . . .
AGAIN."

